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SEA-DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One tale was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Drooped in the giant-factories city gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,
His slender household fortunes for the man
Had faded like the little, like the little thistle,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulity,
And that one unctuous month which lured him, roguish,
To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand, and cliff, and deep-irunning cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious varieties from the church,
To chapel: where a heated pulpitist,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
"Thus, thus with violence," even as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great angel: "Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea:
Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world:
He at his own: but when the worthy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and faced the sand,
Han in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
The soft-lake of so many a Summer still
Clung to their fancies: that they saw, the sea,
So now on sand they walked, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darkened in the West
And rose in the East: then homeward and to bed:
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"
Said, "Love, forgive him!" but he did not speak:
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in shafts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of water, foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard through the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
"A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and, groaning said,
"Forgive! How many will say, 'forgive,' and thus
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a ripper first:
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their fate:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, 'trust him not!' but when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less:
Fought with what seemed my own uncharity:
Sat at his table; drank his costly wine;
Made more and more allowance for his talk:
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all.
All my poor scrapings for a dozen years
Of dust and deadwork: there is no such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars
Ruin; a fearful night!"

"Not fearful! fair,"
Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven
Can make it fair: you do not hear the tide,
Had you ill dreams?"
"O yes," he said, "I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from the boundless ocean deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. 'What a world!' I thought,
'To live in it!' but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth.
A pick-axe in her hand: then out I slip'd
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,
"Not sad, but sweet."
"So sweet, I say," said he,
"And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pleased
The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it:
'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mine.'
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd: but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine; right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seemed gold; and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ranack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd
Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it
And fearing waded my arm to warn them off:
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd
Touch'd, clank'd, and clank'd, and vanish'd, and I
woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was life; the woman honest work."

And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.
"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him,
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine bottle:
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream:
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."
"No trifle," groan'd the husband; "yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the books!'
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
'The books, the books!' but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death:
When the great books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to boast himself, and come
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,' said he,
"And all things work together for the good
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Grip'd my hand hard, and with God-bless you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow:
I found a hard friend in his loose account,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless you; then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders on the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And aound in the supple-sliding knee.

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife:
"So are we all: but do not call him love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast.
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd.
And that drags down his life: then comes what comes
Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"With all his conscience and one eye ask'd—
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
"With all his conscience and one eye ask'd,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain:
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snake-like slither'd his victim ere he gorged:
And off at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the few rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."
How like you this old satire?"

"Nay," she said,
"Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to make it stiff.
It awoke me. Well—I dream'd that round the North
A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mist, with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belly by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt, and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall:
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, 'Set them up! they shall not fall!'
And others, 'Let them lie, for they have fall'n.'
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wallings never out of tone
With that sweet note: and ever when their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, though none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Gleaming, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deep together: and I first
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars—
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minister-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awoke me:—well—but what are dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this is the roar, and his,
Our Roamer's with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung'd Antihyllonians
(Although I grant but little music there),
Went both to make your dream: but were there such
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven:
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!"

"True!" indeed!
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore
While we were running down the sands, and made
The dimpled fount of the sea-furbelow flap.
Good man, to please the child: she brought strange
news.
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he at whom you rail so much, is dead."

"Dead? who is dead?"
"The man your eye pursued.
A little after he had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease."
"Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!"

"Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little child, sleep! 'till all is not sleep
Without her. 'Little child!' well then, sleep,
And I will sing you 'birds'."

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-bound
With one soft arm, which, like the plant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song:

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away."

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
Till she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."

"She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
Do not forget him!"
"Thanks, my love," she said,
"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

CAPRICES.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.—Within.
The vicissitude of actual life is much the same to all
persons. In this is no novelty. To be born, to have
measles and whooping-cough, to drink carminative, and
to be tortured with pins—these are universal privileges.
To pass through the dreamland of youth; to have high
and beautiful ideals, and to see them parodied and de-
spised; to learn the lesson of manly fortitude; to
toll, to hope, to mourn, and to die—all these are in
the common lot. But it is in our emotional life that
we differ—in that spiritual experience which varies
according to the sensibility of our natures. For we
acknowledge identical influences differently. The same
sunset-clouds are not the same to different eyes. To
one, they are only so much colored vapor. To another,
they form a tent of royal magnificence, wherein imper-
ial Apollo lies down to rest. Some persons look up
into a night-sky, and see in its depths only so many
spots of light. Others see the stars as "the poetry of
heaven," and behold the "majestic roof fretted with
golden fire." The voice of the moonlit, summer sea,
breaking over the rocks or plashing on silver sands,
how full of music to those who can hear it! The night-
ingale, singing in the pine, how grand and solemn is
his tone!—how sublime in his loneliness! All the
sunlit variety of nature, now beautiful it is to
the soul that can feel its beauty! But it is never the
same to all of us. Love, hope, aspiration, sorrow—they
are universal emotions; but how differently expe-
rienced. Love is the religion of heaven, the perva-
sive spirit of God moving in the universe. But to some
natures it is wild passion only. They are animals—
nothing more. To others again, it is a pleasant episo-
de in experience, a passing emotion, an indifferent
dignity. But to a truly noble soul, it is a divine fire,
it is the life of life, the secret of immortality, the
consecration and the poet's dream."

So differ. I would study human nature to know
what it is. Let Gracindine have his facts, and go his
way with whatever he can carry. Nothing is but an
easy burden, and very generally borne. A wise man
asks the results of experience—character. He would
learn what the individual is; for that is tangible. I
am glad to know where Shakespeare was born; that
Anne Hathaway found him to be a wild sort of boy;
that he was an actor, and sometimes played in his
own plays; that he was a glorious fellow in the glorious
company of the Mermoid Club; that we know where
his dust was buried; and that those who love and re-
verence his memory can sometimes make a pious pri-
vilege to his grave. These facts have their value.
It is good to know them. But it is more, very much
more, to know the character of Shakespeare, to com-
prehend his nature, to realize what he was. For then
he is a living reality; he is with us as a friend once
more; he sits with us at home; he walks with us into
the streets; he is not absent from our Summer rambles
in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is
a sweet companionship; we feel our own grandeur in
him: for he is a proof of what nature is capable. But
men apprehend differently. I have seen one of the
creatures fall asleep in the theatre while Lady Mac-
beth was playing the trance scene as Lady Mac-
beth. Some people are out of place in the company of
Shakespeare.

II.—A Common Story.
TOLD IN A COMMONPLACE WAY.
I.
He was a common
High in the city,
She was a Magistrate;
More in the play!
Good people trembled at her,
As at this day.

II.
He was a gentleman
Given to pleasure;
She, as a courtesan,
Restored his treasure.
Good reputation of
Manners for instance?

III.
Having small merit, he
Yet lived in clover:
Reeling prosperity
Covered him over.
She was a brilliant and
Incapable power.

IV.
Gout overcame him—
A power potential;
Dare not to blame him,
Ye commoners!
Isn't the gentleman
Very essential?

V.
Therefore he died in
A towering passion—
Some people cried in
The usual fashion;
Especially he, who
Got money to dash on.

VI.
But the world, which is
Gentle and tender,
Honored his riches
And basked in his splendor—
Things which are Caesar's—
To Caesar we render.

VII.
Cyprus-boughts were there,
And roses are growing
Over his grave, where
The sweet winds are blowing
But over her bones, the
Black waters are flowing.

III.—The Gentleman.
But the true gentleman is widely different from such
a man of the world; and I have an idea that—although
he die in destitution or by suicide—the true gentleman
is the only successful man. He has indeed lived in
vain, to whom, in mature life, the hollow pomp of am-
bition seems yet to have any permanent value, or to
constitute any sufficient reward. Admiration is but a
cold word where any heart is beating. Popular ap-
plause! what is that but air?

To be a noble, chivalrous, accomplished gentleman!
that is a worthy ambition. It is written by Socrates:
"To love something better than one's self—that is the
secret of all greatness; to know how to live for others
—that is the aim of all noble souls."
It is the grandeur of life to accept fate with patience,
and fulfill destiny with cheerfulness and fortitude.

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful Will,
And bow it with an honest heart.
Was mine or who was the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

IV.—Jewels.
I am not necessary; but there are certain gems—
two of them—wholly imaginary to me, by the way—
which it pleases me to contemplate. These gems are
"Love," and "Home."
The thought came into my brain while I was writing
these verses. How vast and universal the sovereignty
of human Love! To its allegiance there is no supremacy,
and no humility can elude its control. No voice
can speak in vain which speaks of Love to the human
heart. Through that subtle influence comes the
"touch of nature" which "makes the whole world
kin."

I remember being amused by the sententious obser-
vation of an old lawyer, who had just finished the pe-
riod of Charles Reade's White Lies. "This business
of love," said he, "must have a terrible influence in
the world." The truth had, evidently for the first
time, flashed upon this man, in all its vivid, its awful
grandeur. So, some time or another, that truth must
come to every mind—that behind every other motive,
deep beneath every other impulse, in one of many
forms—be it beautiful or terrible—the power of Love is
silently and secretly working. It embraces the world.
It makes Heaven of this Earth, and that Heaven our
natural home.

Let not the word be written carelessly. I
am the possessor of an original manuscript copy of
this little song which has made famous the name of
John Howard Payne. It is not much of a poem, as we
all know. It is rather commonplace than otherwise,
as a work of art. But how dear it is—how universal—
in sentiment how tender and touching! I cannot but
admire those happy homes into which it has been per-
mitted to glow with mingled sadness and delight, just
as a sunbeam to glow. How cheerful they seemed,
how nest-like! What bright, happy faces there were,
around the evening fire and the evening lamp! What
many laughs of bright-eyed children! What beauti-
ful smiles of tenderness in parental faces! Truly,
Howard Payne was right with that little song of his:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
Happy are they who have the blessing; whose hearts
are gladdened with joyous memories of Home; whose
lives are hallowed by the abiding influence of its early
love and prayers; whose care and strife have not pur-
sued into the sacred temple; whose sympathies have
not been blunted in years of loneliness amid the strife
of this world. They have "fel on the rocks, and laid
in the hills of life."

"POEMS OF TWO FRIENDS."
A pretty little volume, well designed and executed,
containing the miscellaneous poems of John J. Platt
and William D. Howells, comes to us from the pub-
lishing house of Messrs. Follett, Foster & Company,
Columbus, Ohio.
With the poetry of Mr. Howells it is probable that
our readers are somewhat acquainted, as several of the
poems now collected in this volume appeared origi-
nally in the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS.
As a general practice, books of verse fall dead from
the publisher's counter. They obey the law of their
being; which, somewhat paradoxically, is in not being
alive. Should this book conform to the practice, it
will be said of the "friends" who thus hang out their
names for the favoring glances of popular applause,
"they loved in their lives, and in their deaths
they were not divided;" which is, we believe, a quot-
ation.

"Comins Belle and Kittie," "The Bouquet," "Sun-
down," and "In March." "Sundown" is especially
fine as a descriptive poem. But the following verses
may serve to indicate Mr. Platt in his most successful
mood:

"Postscript.
I shall not hear from her again
In all my blushing letters, long
I made the secret from my pen
And hid it in a secret song.
Her letters, sweet as roses pressed,
Bloom from my dreaming heart to-day
Flushing I write, in sweet unrest:
My rose forgot to blush for May."

Long years for her another's name—
Another's lip—another's arm—
(Ah, crest into the adieu, flame!)
Another heart—though mine was warm.
My cricket, hush! his mirth is stifled:
Dream-dances among dream-embers play:
Another my lost Heaven has fled:
My rose forgot to blush for May."

Of Mr. Howells' poetry we have already in general
language indicated our appreciation. His poems, in
this collection, are few in number. Some of them are
translations from the German,—of Heine, Uhland, and
Lenaus,—but the most of them are original.
Mr. Howells is a man of genius. We do him justice;
we do not pay him a compliment. His genius is not
indeed, of the highest order; but it is genius, neverthe-
less. In regard to so much of this volume as is oc-
cupied by his poems, our position is, in some sense, that
of a literary sponsor. We reconcile ourselves cheer-
fully and gratefully to that position.

A striking indication of genius in this poet, is the
intense compression of his style. In his better
poems there is no laborious detail—nothing of the
agony of inefficient art. Knowing that the best cloth-
ing for a beautiful thought is reality, he has combined
his thought to be more than his expression. This is the
imperial attitude of genius. His pictures are drawn
with few strokes. He says all in few words—vivid,
direct. Along the chain of his thought play keen
lightnings of poetic passion, which illumine the
dark places of the human heart as lightning illumines
the midnight sky.

We like this poem. We believe it far beyond the
ability of any ordinary writer to achieve. It is worthy
of Heine:
Drowned.
Like a bird of evil presage,
To the lonely house on the shore,
Came the wind with a tale of shipwreck.
And shrieked at the closed door,
And rapped its wing in the gallery,
And shouted the well-known names,
And buffeted the windows,
Alarmed in their shuddering frames.
It was night, and it is morning—
The summer sun is dead,
And the white-caps wave come rocking, rocking
In to the summer land.
The white-caps wave come rocking, rocking,
And now play with the dead man,
Drowned in the storm last night.

We are precluded from quoting some of the best
poems in this collection, because, as we have intimated,
they have already been printed in THE SATURDAY PRESS.
We mention their titles: "Drifting Away," "Dead,"
"Lifeless," "Under the Locusts," and "The
Street Hat."
"Dead" is a vivid, ghastly picture, a poem which is
high praise to say is altogether worthy a place with
the similar creations of Poe. We copy the following
lines as a good specimen of this writer's intense com-
pression of style:

Compliment.
Cheerily done, it is certain!
And nobody can complain
There was something about old friendship
And hopes to meet often again.
When one is to die, it is pleasant
To have the hand's bright and torn.
This awkward harking is horrid—
Work not fit to be seen.
Here comes your friend, my darling—
A compliment to your art!
Who would think, to see you together,
You had stabbed him to the heart.

WIFE.
The wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.
He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.
Love, she had read of in sweet romances,
Love that could sorrow, but never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.
Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spread to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep misery and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet:
The black cloud loomed, the storm-rain fell:
O! life was so much to suffer and to weep!
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

THE GHOST'S NIGHT-CAP.

(From "Once a Week.")

Just thirty years ago—that is to say, in the month
of November, 1829—an English family, named Daul-
ville, was in occupation of an old Italian villa on the
Laghorn Hills. It is to be regretted that the Daul-
villes wrote "Honorable" before their name, because
any reader with a soul above that animalis vagula,
blandula, which animates the tidy form of an Irish
waiting-woman, must be so heartily sick of the aris-
tocratic delusions which pervade our modern English
novels, that he would feel a history of Mr. Stubbs, the
tallow-chandler, an ineffable relief from the monotonous
insipidity of the purple. But, as in all essentials
the following narrative is true, nothing being altered
but the name of the family in which it occurred, it is
necessary to state or admit that the Daulville family
consisted of Lady Caroline Daulville, a widow—her
two daughters, Margaret and Eliza, then with her—
a son John, absent at Oxford—and of Lady Caroline's
brother-in-law, also called John, who at the moment
our story opens was driving up the avenue of the Villa
Ardinghelli, on a visit to his sister and niece.

The two young ladies ran down stairs to welcome
their uncle. The Honorable John Daulville was tall
and spare, somewhat above fifty years of age; very
tall, and with a stereotyped sneer upon his lips. A
kindly natured man in reality, he prided himself upon
his scorn for all forms of superstition, all prejudice,
and upon his profound disbelief of all supernatural in-
terference with the order of nature. He had trained his
mind carefully in the school of the French Encyclope-
dists; and Voltaire, in particular, was his great author-
ity. The universe was a huge machine—the globe a
somewhat smaller one—men and women were machines
with certain functions and powers; and he—the Hon-
orable John Daulville—was a machine of a superior
class. He admitted gravitation, he bowed to centrifugal
force; he defied an East wind, and he rejoiced in
orotides. All things above and beyond the experience
of everyday life he dismissed summarily as impossible.
This was the gentleman who was conducted upstairs,
by the two young ladies, to the presence of Lady Car-
oline.

"And how are you, my dear sister, in this heat of
all possible worlds? I am glad to find you in such
good quarters, and hope you will be able to find a cor-
ner in which your poor brother may repose after the
fatigues of the London season last Summer, and an
Autumn in Paris."

"Well, brother, well," replied Lady Caroline,
"and I am glad that the villa we have chosen meets
with your approbation. Right glad are we to see you;
but—but—" Lady Caroline paused, with a made-up
smile.

"Eh! What do you mean? Is there not a room
for me here?"
"Yes, dear brother, there is not only one room, but
two rooms. The only objections I know to the first,
are four. It is over the stable, dark, small, and looks
on the court-yard. The second is a noble chamber,
with a glorious view of the Mediterranean; but—but
—I say again—"

"But what?"
"There is a report that is haunted."
"A report?"—said Mr. Daulville, with a look of the
most ineffable contempt; "no doubt there will be
room for both of us. So the ghost does not insist upon
sharing my bed, I shall make no objection, and indeed
if he does—By the way, is it he or she?"

"He, John, he," replied Lady Caroline, with a look
worthy of Lucretia at her spinning-wheel.
"Umph! Well, if he does, being a ghost, it is no
great matter. Only there must be an arrangement
between us as to our hours of getting up; for, as I
have always understood, ghosts are in the habit of
rising at cock-crow. Now, unless you could make
away with all the cocks in the neighborhood save one,
and shut that one up in a dark closet till 10 a. m., and
then open the door."

"Well, well, John," said Lady Caroline, "I see you
are as skeptical as ever."
Mr. Daulville made a profound bow.
"And so Margaret and Eliza shall conduct you to
the HAVEN ROOM."

"By all means," replied her brother. "I dare say
your ghost and I can get on well together."
The room into which Mr. Daulville was conducted
by his niece, had obviously been used of old as the
principal sleeping apartment of the villa. It was very
large, and contrary to the received opinions with re-
gard to haunted rooms, was very cheerful and bright.
Three large windows looked out upon, or rather to-
wards the sea, for the Villa Ardinghelli stood upon the
slope of a hill, distant about three-quarters of a mile
from the sandy beach. Through these windows the
western sun was now pouring his rays, and illumina-
ting the mysterious chamber. At one end of the room
was a huge bed, such a bed as is only found in Italy,
with the exception of that one specimen which still
exists at Ware in Hertfordshire. The hangings of the
bed were of old, discolored tapestry, such as a ghost
might reasonably enough expect to find in any apart-
ment devoted to the use of a lodger of his class. The
bed was not only enormously broad, but high in pro-
portion, so that it would have required considerable
gymnastic powers to have reached the table-lan-
d on the summit, but for a flight of steps which stood by
its side. Mattresses after mattress, stuffed with the
leaves of the Indian corn, had been piled up, the one
on the other, in order that the stately pile might at-
tain its due proportions. Over against the bed was a
large open chimney—the hearth fitted up with "dogs"
of quaint old workmanship. Great blocks of fir, and
the pine-cones picked up in the adjacent woods, were
the fuel with which it was fed. There was a clumsy
but richly-carved dressing-table placed facing the
centre window, with a large mirror behind it, and well-
nigh opposite this, against the fourth and remaining
wall of the room, a black chestnut wardrobe, large
enough to hold half-a-dozen people standing upright.
Now it must not be supposed that the great bed with
its hangings, the toilette-table with its mirror, the
open chimney with its dogs, the wardrobe with its
capabilities—though these might fairly be considered
ghostly furniture—were sufficient to communicate to
the apartment the feeling of a haunted room. It was
so large that if the ceilings named did not appear quite
lost in it, at any rate they seemed to be the right
things in the right place. The care of the young
ladies had provided three or four small tables, unques-
tionably of modern fashion and make, covered over
with those little knick-knacks which look so charming,
and which are so useless, but without which ladies do
not seem to consider that bedrooms in country houses
can be complete. A few vases of flowers contributed
their share of brightness and unwholesomeness, to the
Haunted Room.

"Well, my dear girls," said Mr. Daulville, after a
glance round the room, "at any rate, I see nothing
very terrible here. Your ghost must be of simple and
inoffensive habits; and there is plenty of room, as I am
happy to observe, in that portentous bed for us both.
No window curtains either; nothing but the open
glance round the room, "at any rate, I see nothing
very terrible here. Your ghost must be of simple and
inoffensive habits; and there is plenty of room, as I am
happy to observe, in that portentous bed for us both.
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happy

JANUARY 28, 1860.

Thoughts and Things.
BY ADA CLARK.

Miss Harriett Prescott has finished her story of the "Aurora Green," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. For me it is a superb story. I felt while reading it as I did while I saw Ristori for the first time, — as if all my faculties were locked in a trance, and I was alive only through speechless admiration. For me this is eloquence, this is poetry, this is action. I rejoice with myself, I wring my own hands laughing, I throw myself with tears of pleasure on my own breast. — a new admiration is born to me, my life is enlarged, my soul has another pulse.

Rose Terry writes (also in the *Atlantic*) a humorous sketch, entitled "MATILDA MUFFIN." It has a nice comic originality, and like everything that lady does, is well done; but the idea is really old-fashioned. How very quaint it must be to live in Connecticut, catching only the far-off echoes of the world's life as it rolls onward in metropolitan places! A thing has passed away here, long before it ceases to be visible in Connecticut, just as any of the fæx stars could die out of heaven, and its last light travel many years ere reaching this planet, so that to us it would be an existence, long after it was forgotten in space.

In metropolitan cities the literary woman is no longer accused of sternness toward the other sex; frailty is what they accuse her of now. The male, who is always the protector of virtue, follows vindictive in his

mutton-chop, but of injured propriety; her crime by
saxa is no longer a domestic, but a moral one. That

Perhaps I am signing my death-warrant in making this confession, but if a man wants to chastise literary pretension in me, if he wishes to wring my bosom and agonize my soul, let him treat me as the highly intelligent

gent being without any weaknesses ; let him have no topics in speaking with me but solemn ones ; let him

weigh me down with wit, with puns, with deep re-
marks of any kind, with scientific and logical state-
ments: let him, refusing to listen to my natural
stupid little conversation, insist on my being sacred
and brilliant: let him deny me all sorts of nonsense
and let him insist on my being a poet and a thinker.
Let him deny my right to be a fool with the foolish-
ness of follies, - and the hoop-skirt will become a burden to
me, and the next Spring flowers will blush over my
grave.

e^ce

I know not what connection there is between
me and in particular, and human fathers in the after-
world. I have slipped out of the former into my
thoughts.

The father is the ludicrous and therefore the mourn-

ful figure in the comedy of life.

and some people, but very little heart-painness. What a melancholy object is the father during the most trying period of his wife's experience! Does she not treat him with contempt, with contempt, with indignation? He is a wretch, in her eyes; he stands up huge target for all the arrows that come from her suffering and irritable mind and body to aim at. Truly, we may need more the abject and down-trodden creature which the father of the unborn child becomes than have the subject of wittier pens than mine.

But the summit of his nervous wretchedness is not reached when the time of her trial comes. He wonders about a clumsy and aggravated creature in every day's eyes—secretly considered a brute. All the vit of his wife's reproaches and despairs are poured out on his devoted head: not a lock on it but is drenched with them. Nurses, doctors, aunts, housemaids, w over him as though he were a worm, and tramping upon him until he is no longer remembered. Her house is turned into a hospital, and he is there.

couched upon a straw bed in the garret. Dread thin
are served up to him in the kitchen as food. All

habits are treated as crimes ; he is not even allowed
glass to shave with ; so when he slinks meekly in
his wife's chamber, she protests, with tears in her eyes
that the ugliness of his countenance had well-nigh
thrown her into convulsions. He approaches guiltily
the cradle where the little one lies, furtively drops

him on its sweet face, upon which it instantly giv-
 forth a piercing yell, thereby entering the unigen-

As time goes on, and his son advances to maturity

little fellow that has been a part of his mother's body

that has drawn his life for months from her breast that has slept in her arms, and known no Providence but her, as he grows, still thinks his mother an angel while his father appears to him an inexorable judgment in authority in order to thwart all his plans, a ruin all his pleasures in the end.

The father takes upon himself the chastisement of his son's transgressions, and the boy goes forth

his son's transgressions, and the boy goes forth to the assumed sternness of the father, revenge and rebellion rankling in his heart towards that parent while he throws himself upon the tender bosom of his mother who mingles her tears with his, to soothe away the passion of his grief and anger.

All through life it is so: the father pays the young man's bills; but his manner of doing it takes away from the

kindness of it. The father refuses to sympathize with the youthful follies and extravagancies and tastes of the young man. He exercises a domestic tyranny over him, he remonstrates sternly with him, he sneers and irritates, threatens him. The consequence is, the son loses his respect for him; he fears, avoids, and despises

his father, but he cannot love him.

On the contrary, the mother keeps an immortal youth for her child. She sympathizes with his caprices, his joys and sorrows with him, and to her he is never ridiculous nor bad. The mother and son must be so proved indeed ere they can become indifferent to each other. She thinks her child the man among men.

chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely ;
thinks his mother the only perfect woman in the wor

I commenced these remarks with a view to deploring the forlorn position of the father, but I know that it is in a great measure his own fault. He begins wrong

He regards the mother of his child as a mere child-bearing creature, and her offspring resents it ere it

O, if he could learn that child-bearing was as much a matter of the soul as of the body; if he could look into the mother's heart, and read the deep disquiet of the passionate doubts, the dim yearnings, the fears, the sorrowings, the anguish of love, that make

travail of the soul harder than that of the body ! How much he could lighten that burden if he were

blinded with pride and materiality! for, indeed, the heaviest weight of all to her is the conviction that she struggles alone. She feels that he in a measure despises her, that he regards her patience, her suffering, her sadness, as an unnecessary folly which she was led to suffer. From this point of view, the love which she

and his love that of convenience.

O, father, can you wonder that the life growing out of hers, colored with her hopes, and fears, and emotions, so often comes into the world to consider you an enemy, to treat you with fear and deceit?

father refuses to acknowledge that high spiritual element in conception, he loses only himself, and t

child belongs to God and its mother.

be- "All through life the foolish pride of the father appears; he treats the child as a mere tool in his hands to inherit his name and work out his wishes. He deprives him of his pleasures when he is a child, with-

condescending to explain to him that his own well-

is alone considered. All his love and interest and anxiety goes for nothing: the son believes only in what he sees, his harshness, his coldness, his unfeelingness. He loses one of the most lovely of Heaven's blessings, filial affection. But why should he lose it? The boy is not so horrid a monster that he cannot be treated as a friend by his father. He is subject to persuasion, to kindness, to good sense; he need not feel that he is forced to do things by being bullied by one bigger than himself.

The father is not incapable of inspired affection, as the devotion of the daughter to him often proves. He is better than he seems.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Faith Divers.

They have two "Olorons" over in the Bower; and, as I see by the dillies, they are both doing very well. I have not yet had the time required for an ornamental trip. Meanwhile, the horn of the Bourcail is exalted, and there is no chance for *Kerjane*.

When the House gets organized, Brown intends to lobby through two bills, one for the preceptory crushing of Bourcail, and the other to make the production of *Kerjane* obligatory upon the managers.

The putting of the Opera company will return to Irving Place next week, and open on Thursday. Little Patti has made a little bit in Boston, that she has, on dit, grown two inches in height, and enlarged her crinoline. The Athenian think that, next to the Old Greeks and Mount Auburn, she is the best thing out. One of the country members of the Legislature "calculated" it would be a good "idea" to set up her "statue" between those of Webster and Horace Mann.

A most remarkable instance of pure affection for art was called the other day in the Court of the Marines (so called because they tell the most awful stories there), by Mr. John S. Mervin Lutz, who swore that he had no interest in the profits or losses of Miss Laura Keane's Theatre, and received no salary for his services as Treasurer. I have been so far penetrated with admiration at Mr. Lutz's magnanimity, that my digestion has been seriously impaired.

I have seen a letter from my young friend, Mr. Jack Ponce, who was believed at one time to have died of too much *Pharos*.

Master Ponce was a young man, born of rich but respectable parents, and lived in a four-story brown-front house, in a street where there are no stables nor butcher's shops.

He loved not wisely, but too well—the Brightest and the Best. She, after a brief period, said he was too short for the German, and set him out in the cold, with a number of other ineligible youths.

Pale melancholy and Dark Hennessey marked him for their own. He shunned the haunts of men, and took to the East side of the town.

Finally his Governor exiled him to the rural district, where he pursues the festive trout, and slays, once in a long while, the bounding deer.

He corresponds with Sophocles, to whom he told his love, and in his last letter enclosed a printed programme, with the following remarks:

"This is a gay place; the young ladies wear freckles on their faces, but no hoops, and the young men indulge in blue overalls, green gowns, and anathematized 'by golly.' You will please hand the enclosed to 'Pansy,' and tell him that the Academy of Music is to be two years hence to amount to much, and that he had better sell out his stock in the Irving Place property, and invest his money in our Town Hall."

The bill which accompanies the letter is headed "The Candidates are Coming. Fun without Vulgarity."

It proceeds to state that,

Professor Nichols has the honor of announcing to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this place and vicinity, that he will give one of his classes and playing entertainments on Wednesday evening. All that is pleasant, yet chaotic in Wit and Humor will be portrayed, forming in all a handsome Pair of Mouth and Nose, which in the above Hall presents a circumstance of interest to the Ladies of Fun and Elegant Amusement.

The performance commences with the "imitable" comedy, entitled *The New Odege*, or *Why don't She Marry? O Liberty for Me! No Man's Wife I'd be*. Professor Nichols plays "Nata Tiki the Witty Lover."

Mrs. Nichols is the *Leotie*, and Miss Emma Sanders, the *Corporal Mat*. In part second Professor Nichols is announced for three comic songs; Mrs. Nichols dances a Highland fling, an Irish jig, and a Jordan breakdown, plays a violin solo, and sings two or three songs. The piece concludes with "the very valuable French pantomime entitled, *The Crown Outfitter*, or *Who Sold the Liquor?*" with Professor and Mrs. Nichols in the leading roles. Admission fifteen cents. No half-price. "Music for dancing after the entertainment, if desired." "Tickets can be had at Swinard's grocery."

I have written to Jack to send the Professor and his troupe down to the metropolis. I would give anything to have a dash at them, and Gayler has a piece, not from the French, already for their debut.

Mr. Bateman has made a drama out of Longfellow's *Flamingo*, in which Miss Kate Bateman will make her debut at the Winter Garden, about the middle of March.

"Marino Faliero Behanded for his Crimes." The Winter Garden presented a very curious ensemble, last Monday night.

Matilda Heron, the Shu-shu-gar, had returned to the metropolis, and was to play in a new piece which had been rehearsed in the provinces, and much admired by the pundits of Philadelphia and the modern Athens. The house was packed with the most knowing audience I have ever seen in a New York theatre.

I have a profound self, this *Leotie*, an immense house, this Heron-removal of *Le New Venetian*. I have seen a good deal of trouble in my time. Anna Maria has moments when she is very disagreeable. I always get a bad partner at whist, and rarely hold over three honors. I have come. Men whom I detest always insist on shaking me by the hand, and women, whom I adore, as a rule, want me at any price. All these are minor miseries compared to the sufferings which I endured during the first performance of *Leotie*.

I know that I can't tell you, O! Effendi of the Piazza, what a bore it is, but I'll try:

Le New Venetian is a drama by Victor Séjour. It is announced by the Shu-shu-gar as a "Sensation Play." It is all about Venice, the Falleri family, the Council of Ten, the Bridge of Sighs, and so forth.

Leotie, who might as well have been in Kamachata in Venice, so far as the plot is concerned, is a courtesan and a spy, in a short white silk dress with blue stripes, and gold fringe around the tops of her boots. When you are first introduced to this splendid creature, she is paying a visit to *Oloros*, an unsuitable old rascal, in a black and red robe de chambre, and a beard of many colors, for which I would suggest Manicini. He presents her with a slight touch of his regard in the shape of a purse, which she stows away in her pocket. Before she leaves the trying-place (the palace of the Doge), Leotie is deeply affected by the arrival of Colonel Gado, the fascinating young man of the drama. Like all army-men, he is powerful with the bean seat. Even when his dog-out—they call it a gondola, but it isn't—appears after, Leotie falls terribly in love with him and rejects the old gentleman's purse "with scorn."

In real life this would be considered the most wonderful case of conscience on record.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the conquering hero, comes the Doge and the Council of Ten, all very mild, pacific, and not ever clean persons in appearance. *Gademo* makes a long speech to them, in which he talks a great deal about himself, a prevailing complaint with army men, from Julius Caesar down to Jefferson Davis. He finally says what every one else has discovered some time before, namely, a panel which formerly contained the portrait of an unsuccessful politician, Marino Faliero. The panel is covered with a black pall, lettered "Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes."

crimes." *Gademo*, being the grandson of the beheaded, is naturally exercised in his mind by this inscription, and tears it down. *Oloros*, a political enemy of the Falleri family, immediately pitches into *Gademo*, and appeals to the Council of Ten.

That respectable body acts according to the usual senatorial practice, one which is summed up in the remark of a Scotch member of Parliament, who said that he had heard a great many speeches that changed his mind, but never one that altered his vote. So the C. O. T. pronounce, unanimously, against Colonel *Gademo*, who goes off to a mountain pass, puts on a short-tailed coat, with a great many small buttons in front, wears black velvet breeches, sports two watches and a Vandyke hat, carries a carbine, and is, in short, a brigand. *Leotie*, still in her gold-fringed gaiters, ought to exchange them, in that line of country, for balustrades, has become Mrs. Gaddo, a la main gauche, and things are going on quite comfortably, when Mademoiselle *Viola*, the granddaughter of *Oloros*, goes out for a walk, as one might go to see Uncle Jimmy at Clorier Hill, and is snipped by the brigand.

Being pretty, and Mrs. Allen is very pretty, the brigands engage in some athletic game, like matching pennies, for her. When the result is announced, she doesn't see it, and is protected by one *Spialato*, between whom and some of the other rascals, an irrepressible conflict springs up. At the critical moment, *Gademo* appears, and shields the maiden. *Après*, he falls in love with her, as a matter of course.

Now commences a terrible state of things. *Leotie* has been the chere amie of *Gademo* during five years, and distinctly objects to his new affinity. *Oloros* doesn't see him at all. Geta, in fact, in an ungentlemanly state of indignation about it. Springs the Council of Ten upon *Gademo*, and intends to put him through a course of thumb-screws, and things of that sort. *Viola* sticks to *Gademo*, and they agree to take a cup of cold poison together, when the Governor recalls, and, as it seemed to me very considerably, she allows that they all take a long time to do it. *Leotie* thinks she will go into a convent, and so ends the play. By the way, I am requested to inquire as to the fate of *Spialato*, who mysteriously disappears after the third act.

Now, in the first place, as far as I am concerned, I object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is really one of the nicest places in Europe. Not dark, nor bloody, nor ghomy, nor disagreeable, as the dramatists make it, but gay, lively, and a genuine in the extreme. I tell you, Effendi, that, next to Paris and Rome, Venice is the most delightful city on the Continent. And as for the Bridge of Sighs, bah! There is, or was a place at the end of it, where you can get a Milanese cutlet and a Macaroni such as the Trois Freres cannot approach.

And this special play, what is it? It is a dull melodrama, which neither interests, nor entertains, nor thrills you in any way. Here and there a good situation, or a fine tableau, but between all these a succession of dreary waxes without a single comic. The actors speak the most utter balderdash, our American expression "highfalutin" gives the best idea of it, and in the matter under present consideration, we are not required to go very deeply. *Leotie* is a very bad play in French, and is still worse in English, or what is called English in the coullies.

As for the acting: Miss Heron has not made a success in her new role. It is said that she has fallen off since her great success in *Le Dame aux Camellias*. For one, I do not see it. It appears to me that she is *Marygold* in everything, no better and no worse than when she first played at Wallack's.

True, she moans and howls a little more in *Leotie* than in *Camille*; true, her costumes are in the worst taste, and make her look much heavier than she is; true that the little touch of nature, which was the chiefest of her charms, has disappeared; but the mistake you have all made in the case of Matilda Heron, as in that of Laura Keane, is in the supposition that a clever woman with some stage tact is an artist. It is a very grave error.

Rachel was a clever woman when she played the soubrettes in a Boulevard theatre, but she never was an artist until Samson took her in hand; and, after all, she was never satisfied with her own work. We have not on the American stage a woman-artist in the tragic way, and only Miss Robertson, and Mrs. Wood, and Miss Gannon in comedy. This is the fault of the public, which runs to pretty faces and nice wardrobe.

I don't object to them any more than any one else. I only protest against the cant of criticism, which exalts shams and humbugs to places where they do not belong. In the case of Heron she has artistic perceptions and instincts, but she has been spoiled, like Laura Keane and Mrs. Hox, by outrageous puffing.

I have been led into such a long essay that I see I have but a little space to give to the other artists at the Winter Garden.

Mr. Wallack, not an especial favorite of mine heretofore, surprised me with most vigorous and vividly artistic performance. I do not think that Macready himself could have played the part better or even as well. Every pose was effective, and considering that *Oloros* is a purely conventional rôle, the acting was eminently natural. Mr. Wallack saved the play from utter failure. I liked Mr. Jordan in *Gademo* very much, and Anna Maria says that Mrs. Allen was very sweet as *Viola*. She acted exceedingly well, and displayed more real sympathy and dramatic passion than I have ever seen in her before.

I have taken up a great deal of valuable time in saying what I might have put more directly thus: *Leotie* is a bore; and, were it not for Mr. Wallack's acting, a fiasco. The managers of the Winter Garden were very stupid in spending so much money to give so bad a play so fine a mise en scene. Awful Jefferson must give us something better than *Le New Venetian*, as my friend the Duke would say, "it won't wash."

Mr. Lester Wallack's Poor Young Man.

On Tuesday, at Wallack's, *The Romance of a Poor Young Man* was produced. The audience was quite as numerous, but not so distinguished as that at the W. G. on Monday.

Every one I presume has read the novel or the play. The former has been very well translated, and the drama does not differ from it in any essential point. The Wallack version is a literal translation from the French play, made by Mr. Pierpont Edwards, and arranged for the stage by Mr. Lester Wallack.

It is, in the main, a good play, although it is too long, and there is a little, just a little too much of Mr. Lester Wallack in it.

There are five acts and a prologue. The prologue introduces the Poor Young Man (Mr. Lester Wallack), starring in a Parisian garret. He has here two friends, a man of medicine (Mr. Brougham), who represents the advocate and the doctor of the novel, and an old female servant, who has taken to letting lodgings. The doctor sends the Poor Young Man into the Laroque family, with the intention of marrying him to Mlle. Marguerite, a very interesting young person who is afflicted with a disagreeable impression that every man who looks sweetly at her is after her bank account, which is pithier than the Poor Young Man is as proud as he is impetuous. He is a Marquis (I notice that no one on the stage pronounces the word properly) turned Steward, and is occasionally snubbed, which treatment he resents in such a manner that in the usual course of things he would have been kicked out of the house. As a contrivance, the women, including the governess, fall in love with him, and after doing all sorts of impossible and extraordinary things, he ascertains that he is the real owner of the estate; upon which Made-

moiselle thinks that marrying him is the very best thing she can do. Then, according to the bill, "the peasants enter in their picturesque Breton costumes," and there is a general tableau of rejoicing. A state of things which I, for one, would not disturb for the world.

I must, however, tell the people who have read the charming novel that if they go to the theatre expecting to see the characters reproduced on the stage, they will be disappointed.

The actors and actresses couldn't do it if they tried, and perhaps it is better that they don't try. Take the man to begin with. There is a fine contrast between the characters of the poor Marquis and the wealthy impetuous man of the novel, whom you dislike at first, but who in the end turns out to be a trump. Mr. Lester Wallack's rôle is offensive. It is not the outward sign of the innate dignity of a nobleman who has been placed in a trying and delicate position; it is only the stage gentleman, trying to accommodate himself to the peculiarities of a new character. Mr. Wallack did not play well, because he played too much.

There is nothing so difficult to represent on the stage as the well-bred man of the present day, and it is not degrading Mr. Wallack's real artistic merit, to say that he cannot or does not do it. Of course he is not vulgar, but at the same time he has not the requisite savoir faire. Mr. Brougham's character is clumsily natural. He gives it a certain vraisemblance, more than could be expected from the material placed in his hands.

As for the women, Mrs. Hox is not a bit like Mademoiselle Marguerite, the cold proud beauty whom Fourier describes so finely. Neerer to the author's idea is Miss Morant, who gave a pleasant flavor to the governess in the earlier scenes, but very nearly spoiled it all by a melo-dramatic effect, which was laughably absurd in a play of this kind. Miss Gannon, with her hair à la Josephine, was delicious in the lachrymose dame. I don't think that this capital actress is properly appreciated. I owe her a great deal. She always puts me in a good humor, and next to Wood has more real fun than any other actress on our stage.

Now as I fear that I am getting to be a bore, I will take my hat and go after a very few words. Mr. Wallack has made a very fair play out of *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*. People who have not read the novel will think that the drama is exceedingly good. The weakest point is that which should be the strongest, the lower scene. This is made purely Bowerly. After a great deal of talk about his honor, the Poor Young Man makes a terrific leap from the highest point of the tower, to the great injury of a large number of matrons. The audience liked Mr. Lester's jump so much that he came before the curtain after doing it, and like *Snuggles*, allowed the ladies to see that he was unjured. Was ever anything so absurd?

The Romance of a Poor Young Man was more successful than *Leotie*, although the former cannot be set down as a positive triumph. Like all of Feuilleton's plays, not excepting his greatest and best, *Dalila*, it is too purely narrative and descriptive, and throws a burthen on the artists to which they are not equal.

The public, however, did not seem bored, and called Mr. Lester Wallack out, or rather some people made a noise, and he came out, and delivered a characteristically modest speech, taking a good deal of credit to himself, giving some to Mr. Edwards, and a little to the artists.

He neglected to mention Mr. OCTAVE FEUILLETON, who had, it is generally supposed, something to do with the authorship of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. For a foreigner and a Frenchman, he is a fair writer; and Messrs. Lester Wallack and Pierpont Edwards ought to be magnanimous, and give the young man a chance.

Sweetly, O Editor, your own

Personne.

P. S.—A. M. wants to say that though she isn't a "Cockey," she don't see the new pieces at Wallack's and the W. G., and so for her give her Laura Keane's and the Circus. I am afraid the Dear Child is more than half right.

A Prior Attachment.

Bennet's attachment to the "Calumniator of the Old Dominion."

How to Poison an M. C.

Make him eat his words.

Night-Watchman's Salute.

Many happy returns of the "day."

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

Fancying himself at Wallack's.

The Skeleton of the House.

The Dead Lock.

Board of Common Council-men.

Free Lunch.

Cast.

It is the head of the Clown at Niblo's that he moves in the best circles.

Lost Art.

Patience on a monument.

"The engraving of 'Christ and His Apostles,' from the celebrated group of Thorwaldsen (see Dayton & Co.'s announcement in another column), is well worthy the attention of all lovers of art."

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

Yesterday I was looking at a beautiful horse. He seemed the personification of gentleness. As I approached him, to obtain a nearer view, he put down his head as if he would be caressed; when I was about to stroke his neck, he bit at and nearly succeeded in wounding me. (He did tear my coat.) The gentle appearance of that animal is like the weather we have enjoyed for the past week. For although the warm air don't bite, it gives severe colds by tempting one, with its mildness, to cast off the usual Winter protection of thick clothing.

On every side, from every person I hear but the same remark, "What charming weather!" The true air is mild, the sun is warm, but I cannot enjoy this unseasonable atmosphere. With me, each season has its own peculiar characteristics: Spring is hopeful; Summer, sweet content; Autumn, dissimulation; sorrow, whose winds are but signs of the dying year; Winter, bold victory. There is something so like the great conqueror in "Old Winter," as he makes earth bow in nakedness to him, and forces all live things to run from his path, and seek shelter from his chilling blasts, that it seems a pity he should be interrupted in so victorious a career. Perhaps I would not think so much of this, did I not know that Winter was to win in the long run. (I am but human and always prefer the cold on the stronger side.) I know that from some unforeseen cause the cold has allowed itself to be surprised by a power from the South which is much stronger than was anticipated, and thought it prudent under the circumstances for the present to quit the field; but shortly there will arrive a strong reinforcement from the North Pole, and the Southern visitor will disappear with much greater celerity than he arrived. Another serious objection that I have to the warring of the seasons, is the wretched wretched way in which we are all subjected until the quarrel is settled one way or the other. Did ever anybody see such riding, walking, or getting about in any style, as we've experienced for ten days? The clouds and roads now are beginning to be in a passably good condition, the sun having been victim long enough to remove part of the dead and dying fog, and the enemy from the battle field. Is it not

indeed a prospect when we think all this war will have to be repeated, our streets once more will be blocked with the decaying remnants of Winter, and the air will be filled with horrid shrieks emanating from the lungs of the stage-drivers, who vainly endeavor to enforce their horses to pull the omnibuses, when the nags with unobtainable patience insist upon tumbling down. And the crowds for pedestrians who cannot like Miss Maud, afford to have a "coupe," how they will suffer from the cold in getting up, and how they will suffer from the cold in getting down.

From the many letters which the author has received from disappointed literary gentlemen, since its completion, we submit the following:

President Walker, of Harvard College, says: "From the examination which I have thus far been able to make, I confirm the opinion of its transcending excellence which I formed from the specimens submitted to my inspection. There is no point at which it can be perceived less than the highest attainable care and skill. There is no department within the province of a dictionary that has been left imperfect."

Prof. C. C. Fiske, of Harvard College, says: "I congratulate you on the successful accomplishment of this crowning work. It is destined, without a doubt, to be the standard Dictionary of our language, conferring on our country an invaluable literary advantage."

Rev. A. P. Peabody, editor of the *North American Review*, says: "The examination which I have thus far been able to make, confirms the opinion of its transcending excellence which I formed from the specimens submitted to my inspection. There is no point at which it can be perceived less than the highest attainable care and skill. There is no department within the province of a dictionary that has been left imperfect."

Prof. C. W. Hahn, of the *American of the Breakfast Table*, says: "The Dictionary is indeed a monumental work, and one of which our country and our language may be proud as we have a city, a country, and a language."

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OPINIONS OF THE PULPIT.

From Rev. Dr. Prime, Bishop of the New York Diocese.

Thorwaldsen's STATUARY.

Dayton & Co.'s advertisement of their fine engraving of Thorwaldsen's celebrated group of "Christ and His Apostles," will at once attract attention. One of the pictures hangs in our study, and we regard the work as eminently suitable for the walls of every Christian household. The beautiful clasped Bible, which is presented with it, is bound in velvet and gilt, and the price at which he offers them is so low that thousands may avail themselves of the opportunity. We hope they will.

From the Rev. Albert C. Thomas.

My early inclination led me to the animation and cultivation of Art, especially as it is exhibited in drawing. A higher inspiration made me leave the sparkling domain of the Muse; but I have never thought that my calling departed me from admiring and studying Art, especially when it is made an adjunct to holy truth. Your glorious engraving of "Christ and His Apostles" is truly an adjunct, and I have recommended it to the center of the Bible, and I have no doubt that it will be a blessing to the whole religious and artistic world. I will send it to you as soon as I can afford it, but I do not see it.

From the Rev. E. L. Thorpe.

I am never tired of gazing at your superb engraving of Thorwaldsen's marble group of "Christ and His Apostles." What a beautiful and sublime work of art! It is here laid on the altar of Religion! And if you will make a gift with it, what could be more appropriate than this BIBLE, an equally grand and bound-up with the group and engraving are founded? You may well cherish your brilliant enterprise, while I am sure that the whole religious and artistic world will hail it as a gem of purest ray serene."

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